

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. D. MANWELL

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Diana, who feared him with an intensity that increased as time sped by, was left more and more alone in the little set of rooms at Montreal, until life became a dull and hopeless burden for her. There was no ray of interest in her heavy face tonight as she asked for her husband's news. Paul on the other hand, was quivering with unexpressed excitement.

"I have got a fortune in my fingers, Diana—a fortune, I tell you!" he said jubilantly, as he drew up his chair to the little round supper table, from which Diana had risen to greet him.

Paul had so often brought home fortunes that seemed at his fingers' ends—fortunes that crumbled into dust ere they were grasped—that she felt little or no interest in them now. She was growing tired of the whole thing, particularly as she was now cut off from all participation in her husband's more intellectual ventures.

"I can't see what good it's going to do you," she said at last, when he had explained. "I guess this girl ain't going to die off to suit you, Paul, and you can't live on that bit of paper."

"What fools women are!" savagely broke in Paul. And his dark face took on an ugly look as he remembered that men, likewise, could be fools, when they saddled themselves with such burdens as that of the heavy, dejected woman opposite him.

"I'm going to Europe tomorrow—to England," he said shortly.

Diana looked up from her pie. "Shall you be gone long this time, Paul?"

"I can't quite say," slowly said the scientist. "It will depend on many things. But I promise you, Diana, that I shan't come back until I've got this in my clutch in hard cash." Paul's fingers played with the sheet of paper outspread before him.

Diana Andell shivered, and her white, fair face grew still more pallid in hue. That this man, her husband, was capable of the vilest scheming to win his way she already knew. Nothing was sacred from such an arch-planner. And as she furtively watched his frowning, dark face while he pored over the handwriting before him, Diana told herself half fearfully that Paul Andell would keep his promise. He would return to her with the fortune, or he would never come back at all.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Christmas Eve, and true old-fashioned Christmas weather.

The country round Temple-Dene was glittering with hoar-frost, every tree shining and sparkling in the sun, every pond and stream and pool fast bound in ice.

The low, red sun of the afternoon was shining full on the old house, surrounded by the frost-silvered pines, and its many windows twinkled a brilliant welcome to the expected heir and his bride.

There had been a great stir, a summer of wild excitement, under the old roof during the weeks preceding Christmas.

Lady Jane had done wonders in freshening up the tarnished and faded glories of the home. She had a fresh hand, to be sure, in her wholesale improvements; for could not Gervais afford to pay any amount of bills that might ensue?

"If I could only rouse up poor dear Francis, before they come home," the busy lady said, energetically.

But the master of Temple-Dene was the sole member of the household indifferent to the advent of the heir and his bride. Amid the turmoil of preparation he sat listless and silent in his library, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

If it had not been for Leila Desmond, it would have fared ill for the stricken man. The gentle-natured girl, with heart full of womanly instincts, felt irresistibly drawn to the lonely, silent man. He and she had a grief in common, and it bound them together. It was only at the sound of Leila's sweet voice, and the touch of Leila's tender hand, that Francis Temple-Dene ever stirred from his trance of misery.

But even Leila could not make the unhappy man comprehend that Temple-Dene was saved, nor could he take in the meaning of the light-hearted preparations going on around.

"I'm glad, glad, that Uncle Francis doesn't care, that he won't care!" said little Syb almost viciously to her elder sister.

The misshapen girl looked on almost as gloomily at the hurry and fuss as did the master of the house. She clomped her thin little fingers every time the bland, self-satisfied tones, so new in Lady Jane's voice, fell on her ear.

"Little Syb"—Leila turned her wistful eyes on the girl—"it hurts me when you speak so!"

"Hurts you? Oh, I could beat you, Leila, if I didn't love you so dreadfully! I should kill anyone who struck you! Hurt you? Oh, why were you made so good and I made so bad? All the time I am wishing that some accident will happen to those two—a shipwreck or a railway collision—and that they will never, never reach Temple-Dene!"

"Syb!" again cried Leila. And this time she gathered the distorted little figure on her lap, and laid her own soft round cheeks against the passion-white lips. "What has come to you,

my dear one? Have you forgotten that 'Love worketh no ill to this neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law'? How can you 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' who died for you and me, and for those who are coming home to us, if you let yourself say such things? I know it is only saying them—I cannot believe you think them." Leila's fresh mouth kissed the angry eyes.

"But I do think them! I feel what I say. Leila, what right has that American girl to take your Gervais from you? Everybody knows it was you he wanted all the time, not any other. And everybody about the place is saying so!" hotly said little Syb.

"Hush!" Leila winced at Syb's last words. "As for her right, we must remember every minute in the day that God has given her that right as—Gervais' wife."

Bravely the words came, but they wrung the heart of the gentle speaker.

"And, Syb, can't you take it in, once and for all, that we are not sent into the world to snatch at as much happiness and self-pleasing as we can? In order to copy our dear Lord, even faintly, we must each give up something, and go on giving up until the end comes. If Gervais had not given up his—his wishes, the old home would have been wrecked, his parents would have been beggars. I—I think it a great thing to sacrifice all yourself for those dear and near. Syb, I could give up anything for you."

"For me? Could you, Leila? Such a miserable, humpy, crooked little thing as I?"

Syb's lips quivered.

"What matters it whether our bodies are straight or crooked? It is our souls that will live by and by in Paradise, if they are straight and true, the homes of pure thoughts and gentle deeds. Oh, Syb, try and cast out that passionate nature of yours. And when Gervais brings home his bride, let us be loving and kind to her, a stranger amid us all—think of it!"

"But shall you, Leila?" Syb stared.

"Shall you really welcome her and be nice to her—you?" she demanded, wonderstruck at such a possibility.

"God helping me, I shall," gravely said Leila, and she meant it.

It was not that her old love for Gervais had died a sudden death; but because he was now the husband of another woman, bound to love and care for her "until death them did part," that Leila could put him out of her life, save as the man who had saved his old home and his parents from earthly ruin.

If Gervais could attain to such a sacrifice as he had made, could she herself not imitate his self-abnegation in her life? And the passion-distraught little sister must be brought round somehow, and taught to welcome the new comer into the family.

It was a difficult task to persuade the untamable spirit. Though Syb was but thirteen years of age, she had a grown-up mind and one as distorted as her poor little body.

"I should like to see her lying dead—that American girl!" said the deformed girl when Leila's persuasive voice ceased. "You see," went on Syb, "if she were dead, Gervais would have all her money, of course, and he could marry you."

Leila groaned. This horrible, inhuman wish was the only result of her efforts to soothe the ungoverned heart.

"That's why I keep on wishing something would happen to them!" vehemently insisted Syb.

"Happen to whom?" Lady Jane's voice startled the sisters, and Syb slipped off Leila's knee. "I've just had a wire from Gervais. They are in London and will be here today," she went on hurriedly. "And they are bringing a friend with them, a Mr. Andell. I fancy it is the same man who saved the whole train, you remember, from a terrible fire in the midst of the prairie."

"Yes, 'Andell' was that man's name, dear aunt," said Leila, "a well-known scientist, Gervais said he was."

Leila spoke the name of her lover who had lost in a controlled, calm voice. The help she had sought was vouchsafed her abundantly.

"Well, we must be good to him in that case. But our house has been filling up this week until there's hardly a decent room left for this stranger. And, Leila, my dear, I want your help again. Our arrangements are not quite finished."

Lady Jane rushed off as rapidly as she had come.

There was to be a large party of old and young on Christmas night at Temple-Dene. For years there had been almost no entertaining in the partially ruined home. The Christmas gathering was, therefore, looked forward to by the neighborhood with keen expectation.

"It is to be quite an old-fashioned Christmas party, with a tree and blind-man's buff and romps—nothing more nor less," Lady Jane warned them. "It should have been, properly speaking, on Christmas eve; but our dear young people will not arrive until that day, so our merry-making must be on the twenty-fifth."

It was late afternoon when the family carriage, newly furnished, came up the steps from the roadside station, and reached the Temple-Dene avenue of tall firs, whose stately trunks were reddening in the sun's dying glare.

"We're at home now, Gladly! We're on our own land at last. Welcome, dear wife, to Temple-Dene!"

Gervais bent forward and lifted in his little hands lying listlessly on Gladly's lap. Perhaps, if they two had been alone, he would have kissed his welcome as well as said it; but they were not alone. From a corner of the roomy old carriage a pair of dark restless eyes roved over the snow-covered landscape.

Gladly, at her husband's words, lifted her head to look out also, and it was startling to note how she had altered. There was a peculiarly wasted appearance and an unutterable listlessness not natural in one so young. It needed a distinct effort for her to survey her new home; to speak she made no attempt. Gervais drew back disappointed.

"Haven't you a word of praise, my dear, for your own home?" he asked.

"It's all very nice, but it is so cold, and I never liked pine trees," Gladly forced herself to say. And she shivered under her Parisian wraps and her costly furs. "They always make me shudder, they are so gloomy," she added piteously.

"She's fearfully nervous," thought Gervais.

But there was no sign of it when Gladly stepped out of the carriage and into Lady Jane's widely welcoming arms.

A self-possessed, wistful-eyed little bride it was who lifted her cold cheek for her mother-in-law's kiss; a dainty figure, in truth, in its costly furs.

But the face under the green velvet toque, with its diamond buckle and nodding feathers, was not the face of a shy, happy bride, and for a moment Lady Jane stared, half puzzled.

Then Gervais was clasped in his mother's arms and held tight. If her ladyship had a soft corner in her worldly, ambitious heart it was for her boy, the son who had done so much for herself and the old home.

The bride stood apart, a pathetic little figure in her momentary loneliness. Leila, who had been shrinking behind the person of Lady Jane, quickly noticed it, forced herself to go forward.

"May I bid you welcome? I am Leila. Perhaps Gervais has told you that his cousins, Sybil and I, have lived here since we were almost babies—Syb, at least, was a baby."

Leila's winsome, tender face was bent close to Gladly, who was slightly shorter in stature than she. Her low, rich voice, with its caressing note, stirred something in Gladly's heart, and she moved eagerly forward—so eagerly that their lips met in a clinging kiss before Leila had quite made up her mind to greet the bride with anything warmer than a stiff handshake.

"I didn't know there was any Leila," said Gladly, in her sweet, childish tones. "Gervais did not tell me. But I am so glad! Please take me away somewhere. Let us go together, you and I, I am so weary!"

Leila was startled. Go away together, the bride said! It sounded bewilderingly strange.

And—had Gervais forgotten her so utterly that her name had never been uttered to his newly made wife? The thought wrung her gentle heart.

(To be continued.)

FRUIT FLIES.

Small Insects Among Canned Fruit on the Shelves.

Often housekeepers who do not take sufficient pains with the sealing of the cans of fruit they put away in the fall, find on the surface of the contents little, slender maggots, feeding on the contents. These larvae are probably of the species called fruit flies.

They belong to a class of insects containing some thirty kinds. The flies are light brown in color. They are so small that they are commonly thought of as ordinary gnats. They are attracted by the acid odor of vinegar as well as fruit.

Stone jars simply covered with a cloth to allow the fermentation of vinegar are easily invaded by the insects, which lay their eggs on the pieces of fruit that are projecting above the surface of the fluid. The hatching of the larvae is soon followed by the formation of the pupae, which are found on the sides of the cans, usually. Some four days later the flies issue and begin the round of production again, multiplying with great rapidity. It is a characteristic of the larvae of these flies to live only in upper layers of the fruit and this fact makes it possible to save at least a portion of the contents of the jars.

Fruit put in cans and sealed up airtight is safe. Eggs laid upon cloth tops or near slight openings between lid and can often hatch into worms that find a way inside. Pyrethrum powder used in the fruit room or cellar will have a good effect in clearing out the flies and this, with the precautions mentioned in connection with canning, should rid a place of the insects.—George Edwin Black in Indianapolis News.

Veterinary Surgeon's Hard Luck.

Veterinary surgeons are complaining of hard luck. With the cable cars, the trolley cars and now the automobiles, their business has gone to the dogs, metaphorically speaking. Soon there will be as many surgeons as there are horses. It is nearly as bad as that now, and, as automobiles become cheaper and the likelihood of airships coming in to supplement them grows, the prospect is not a bright one. Lots of New York veterinarians are giving up the attempt to make a living and are coming west.

There are at present thirteen incorporated automobile clubs in the United States.

AT EAST LAVINGTON.

The Grave of Cardinal Manning's Wife Is Neglected.

Some interesting passages in the early life of Cardinal Manning are recalled by a writer in the Sunday Strand. We are told that to the end of his life Manning had flowers sent to him every spring and summer from a little village in Sussex—East Lavington by name. "Why (asks the writer) should the great cardinal receive flowers from this little place? The answer lies in the fact that from the early summer of 1833 to the end of 1850 he was rector of the parish, and that for four of these years (1833-37) he enjoyed a married life there so perfectly happy that from the day his wife died down to that upon which he himself folded his hands and closed his eyes for the last time on earth, he could never even trust himself to breathe her name to a living soul." Mrs. Manning was Caroline, the third of the four daughters of the Rev. John Sargent. One of her sisters was wife of the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards the well-known bishop. This grave is neglected today. It is almost the writer says, the only one in the little churchyard that has neither stone nor cross upon it, and its turf is fast mouldering away. "It was Manning's wish that it should be so. Late in life he told his friend and biographer—the late Edmund Furell—that he had received a letter from the churchwardens announcing that the grave was falling into decay, and asking for instructions as to putting it and keeping it in order. His reply was: 'It is best so. Let it be. Time effaces all things.' But he was mistaken. Time had not effaced, nor will it efface, the memory of that brief idyll." The house at Lavington—which was Manning's home—is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilberforce and their family. It was Mrs. Wilberforce who, in old age, sent the cardinal by day flowers from Lavington.

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3.—(Special)—When the Independent-Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33d Street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching.

About two years ago, however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box.

They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple, and sure Remedy is at hand.

After her death was announced and her relatives were about to make preparations for the funeral Mrs. Hannah Furbay, who lives with her grandson south of Canal Dover, O., came back to life and promises to live some time yet. Mrs. Furbay, who is aged 83, has been subject for many years to attacks of heart failure, which accounts for the miraculous pretensions.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Prices 25 and 50c.

One learns tactfully best among those who have none, and loquaciously among the tactless. Tell the truth and let others say what they will. You are responsible for but one tongue.

"What is the difference between a person suffering from heat prostration, and Allen's Foot-Powder? One feels the heat and the other heals the feet."—Life.

Assure yourself you have accomplished no small feat if you only have learned patience.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

A long-suffering wife says her husband's income is anywhere between 1 and 3 a. m.

Keep looking young and save your hair, its color and beauty with PARKER'S Hair Balsam. HINDERCOMBS, the best cure for corns. See.

No wonder a young man looks all broke up when his best girl throws him down.

For Vim, Vigor and Vitality take Knill's Red Pills for Wan People. 25c.

The man who indulges in too many eye-openers is blind to his own interests.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1899.

The one thing that every man feels sure of accumulating, is age.

C. H. Crabtree, Des Moines, Iowa, will on request explain all about the Crabtree Gold Mining company, extremely interesting; write me.

People should consider the head more, and the heart less.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players show White's Yuccatan whilst playing.

The new London tunnel cost \$50 an inch.

A NARROW ESCAPE. A GRATEFUL WOMAN.



MRS. F. J. LYNCH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mrs. F. J. Lynch, 324 South Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen:—I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering women as it cures quickly. I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women.

MRS. F. J. LYNCH.

Chronic Coughs and Colds Are Catarrhal Diseases.

Catarrh Is the Continual Scourge of Christendom.

Catarrh hovers ominously over every city, and nestles treacherously in every hamlet. It flies with vampire wings from country to country and casts a black shadow of despair over all lands. Its stealthy approach and its lingering stay makes it a dread to the physician and a pest to the patient.

It changes the merry laugh of childhood to the wheezy breathing of croup, and the song of the blushing maiden to the hollow cough of consumption. In its withering grasp the rounded form of the fond wife and mother becomes gaunt and spectral, and the healthy flush of manhood turns to the sallow, haggard visage of the invalid.

Cough takes the place of conversation, speech gives way to spitting, the repulsive odors of chronic catarrh poison the kiss of the fondest lovers, and thickened membranes bedim sight, impair hearing and destroy taste.

TIME TO GO SOUTH.

For the present winter season the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has improved its already nearly perfect through service of Pullman vestibuled sleeping cars and elegant day coaches from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago, to Mobile, New Orleans and the Gulf coast, Thomasville, Ga., Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach and other points in Florida. Perfect connections made with steam lines for Cuba, Porto Rico, Nassau, West Indian and Central American ports. Tourist and home seekers' excursion tickets on sale at low rates. Write C. L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Long Existence of Band.

The Hawaiian band of Honolulu has just completed thirty years of continuous existence, and the present bandmaster, Captain Henri Berger, has been in charge of the organization during twenty-eight years of that period.

May—"Algy and Pamela had a falling out last night." Clarence—"What was the cause?" May—"A hammock."

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 pills 10c.

To Self-Supporting Women

Without interfering with your regular duties, you can make money by means of our offer of \$17,500 FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Send for full particulars.

THE DELINATOR 7 to 17 W. 13th St., New York.

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
unexcelled in aromatic sweetness and permanence
ALWAYS INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
For the Handkerchief Toilet or Bath
Refreshing and Invigorating
A SEASONABLE AND APPROPRIATE GIFT

WHEAT AT 70 CENTS LOOKS CHEAP.
BUY NOW BEFORE THE JANUARY BULGE.
J. K. COMSTOCK & CO., Trade's Bldg. CHICAGO.